Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1873. NUMBER 25.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

...SHORINE" cures every pain, etc. Try ... Sold by all druggists. REUBEN HOYT, ...ggist, New York.

MONEY-MAKING BOOKS FOR SUMMER CANVASSING AGENTS AND SALESMEN. ATTENTION! Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song; The New Housekeeper's Manual, by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Selling fast and liberal. Exclusive territory; terms low. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco.

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WANTED. Wholesale Purchasing Agents for the BARTRAM SEWING MACHINE, made at Danbury, Conn. The Latest and Best. The Stiffest, Fastest and Easiest Lock Stitch, Straight Needle Machine in market. Better terms than any machine. Address, JOHN L. BODGE, Gen'l Agent, Danbury, Conn.

NUMEROUS TESTS HAVE PROVED N. F. Burnham's New Turbine WATER WHEEL! TO BE THE BEST EVER INVENTED. Pamphlet free. Address YORK, PA. WHEEL

EDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county Auditor to report distribution of the assets in the hands of WM. H. SECHLER, Administrator of the estate of JAMES M. RIFFLE, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his said appointment, at the office of Sechler & Sechler, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, July 7th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend if they think proper, or be debarred coming in on said fund.

JNO. P. LINTON, Auditor.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the 23rd DAY OF JULY NEXT, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Samuel B. Rose, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Charles Dunlap, Peter Rose and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, of which are cleared, having erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn—now in the occupancy of Samuel Rose. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Martin A. Miller.

Also—the right, title and interest of Thomas White, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, bounded by a lot of Julius Stich on the north, F. Rose on the south, and an alley on the west, thereon erected a two-story plank house—now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John A. Kennedy.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Rose, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Melbernitz, deceased, and others, containing 6 acres, more or less, about 2 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. T. Robbins.

M. H. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, June 24, 1873.-3t.

Loretto Property FOR SALE.

A LOT OF GROUND situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of said borough, being Lot No. 78—fronting 50 feet on St. Mary's street and extending back 160 feet to St. John's street—having thereon erected a good TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, WITH BACK KITCHEN BUILDING ATTACHED, Stable, and other Outbuildings.

The house contains seven rooms, besides the cellar, and has a commodious cellar under it in the best order. Cheap at $1,000—one-third cash; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Good title. Apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOSEPH C. TWAL, or to WM. W. OATMAN, Real Estate Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. June 13, '73.-tf.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of Administration on the Estate of EDWARD D. EVANS, late of Wilmore township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. Payment may be made to Shoemaker & Sechler in Ebensburg, or to Mrs. Martha Wilmore.

MARTHA J. EVANS, } Administrators.
WM. H. SECHLER, }

June 13, 1873.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of JOHN SCHERDON, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of JOHN SCHERDON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of decedent are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES SCHERDON, Administrator.

Carrolltown, June 20, 1873.-6t.*

EXECUTORS' NOTICE. Estate of OTHO STYNER, dec'd. Testamentary on the estate of OTHO STYNER, late of Washington township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

P. M. ITHORE, } Executors.
JOSEPH CRISTE, }

Carrolltown, May 16, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice. LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of MICHAEL M'CARTY, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS, Adm'r.

Carrolltown, June 13, 1873.-6t.*

Estate Notice. LETTERS of Administration Testamentary and Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of JOHN NEASON, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA NEASON, Administratrix,
PATRICK DUNEGAN, Administrator.

Carrolltown, June 20, 1873.-6t.*

A CARD. TO THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY: Disgusted with this day's action of the Democratic County Convention, I offer myself as an *Independent Candidate* for the office of SHERIFF, and pledge myself, if elected, to fulfill the duties faithfully to the best of my ability.

JAMES BENFORD, Johnstown, Pa.

THE IRISHMAN.

A correspondent of the New Castle (Pa.) *Gazette*, whom we recognize by the initials "D. X. J." to be a prominent Presbyterian divine, formerly a resident of Hollidaysburg, contributes somewhat imperfectly from memory the first two verses of the following poem, which he precedes with the remark that "nearly half a century ago, when I was a boy, there appeared in the newspapers a few stanzas of a poem, the authorship of which was, at the time, ascribed to George Washington, the father of our Republic, and it was said to have been the only metrical composition he ever produced. Some of the verses linger in my memory, although I have not seen a copy of them for certainly forty-seven years, and I may not be able to give them with proper accuracy. I wish you would print what I can remember, and send them round in the hope that some *literateur*, who can throw light upon the question of their *origin*, may see them and give us information." Two additional verses, also imperfect, have been furnished us by a Celtic friend now on a visit to this place, who remembers to have listened to the song in Ireland many a time and oft in his boyhood days, some thirty odd years ago, and although he is not familiar with the name of the author, is entirely confident that the poem was written in Ireland, and therefore could not have been the production of the great and good Washington. That the "Father of his Country" was not the author of the ballad is still further confirmed, if not made absolutely certain, by the assurance of our well booked (he is in the book business) friend, "Erionach," who not only furnishes us with the entire sonnet, as given below, but declares positively that Washington did *not* write it. Who did remains as yet a sealed book to us, but "Erionach" promises to "lift the veil and remove the pressure" as soon as time is afforded him for the necessary research. In the interim we give the ballad in full as follows.—ED. FREEMAN.

STANZAS.

The savage loves his native shore,
Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
Then well may Erin's sons adore
An isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon broad or pastoral Bann?
And who a friend or foe can meet
More *generous* than an IRISHMAN?

Tho' his hand is rash, his heart is warm,
And principle is still his guide;
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride!
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More apt to practise than to plan—
He ofttimes earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an IRISHMAN.

If you are poor, he'll for you pay,
And guide you where you safe may be;
If you're his comrade, whilst you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an IRISHMAN!

By honor bound, in woe or weal
Whate'r she bids he dares to do;
Try him with gold, it won't prevail,
But e'en in fire you'll find him true;
He seeks not safety—let his post
Be in the front of danger's van,
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an IRISHMAN!

Erin, loved land, from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed and free;
May peace be yours; and, should you wage
Defensive wars, grand victory!
May plenty flow in every field,
And gentle breezes softly fan;
May cheerful smiles serenely guild
The brow of every IRISHMAN!

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the very last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money besides—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land and things that they've always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," said Peter, brightening up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that they've always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than anything else."

"But suppose the Browns should object, as most likely they would? You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put Peter up to elope with Sally."

"Agreed! I'll leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassment.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife, held an important consultation.

"Do you remember that note for $600 I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.

"Yes."

"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged; and there is Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from is a mystery to me. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith. Gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do. Ain't his folks rich? and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Sally."

"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation, "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Browns and the Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young folks to the proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Sally was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoiced in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little retrousse nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parent spoke to her about John, she blushed becomingly, and, after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but that they feared parental objection.

"Now, I'll you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."

"No," repeated the old man, "we would not lift a finger to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unbosom themselves, for how could free lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? And they didn't. At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However, they were not overdisposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished seemed so near at hand, to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope. It is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Sally to-night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope; so I think that the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over to Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the peculiar circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great degree of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helped her into the wagon, and away they went.

Shortly after they had departed two scenes were enacted which must be here recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store, and entered his house in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by fast walking, and the former by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The deuce they have! I hoped to get here in time to stop 'em,"

"To stop 'em?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: Old Smith hain't worth a cent—can't pay what he owes—will be sold out within a month. It's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell what I'll do. Sally shan't marry the beggar; I'll follow them to 'Squire Jones', and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse, and spun away toward Jones' house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith residence, and was opened by the precipitate entrance of Mrs. S., with the breathless exclamation:

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired the husband.

"John!"

"Yes!" and Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went all of half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbin' your hands," screamed the old lady, "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Browns ain't worth a dollar in the world; Kate Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be foreclosed. So Sally won't get a solitary cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into her harness, and rattled away toward the 'Squire's residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm, and holding Sally on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across, they saw, revealed by the moonlight, the pursuing Brown.

"Why, that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischief, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" squealed Sally.

"I'll show you," said John.

Springing from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a fearful rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheel collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Brown was picking himself up from the ditch, he saw the accident repeated—this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloped away with the four wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run for the 'Squire's, about a mile off, where they arrived very much out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Hold on!" yelled Brown. "I object!"

"So do I!" screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the 'Squire. "Nothing but a divorce can fix it now."

The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said—"

"Daughter!" quickly interposed Brown, turning very red, but trying to appear dignified, "I am not disposed to be tyrannical, and now that you're married I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you, father," said John; "we would never have eloped if you and mother hadn't said—"

"Never mind, my son," interrupted Smith; "I will not be hard with you—I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the elopers' wagon.

THIS is the latest information we have from the Modoc country: "The warrior stood among the rocks, whence all but him had fled; he was the last of the Modocs that roamed the lava bed. The shot fell fast, he would not go—the warrior knew no fear; eight hundred of the avenging foe assailed him front and rear. Only one boon that Ingin craved—he spurned to sue for quarter—the crowning curse he might be saved of interviewing by a reporter."

AUNT HANNAH'S ADVICE.

And so you have quarreled with David?
And hide it as well as you can,
I know at this moment you're thinking
That he is a horrible man,
He has no regard for your feelings,
He loosens his hold on your heart,
And each has confessed to the other
That both were much better apart.

You think of the days of your courtship,
When David was thoughtful and kind—
In all your vexations so helpful,
To all your follies so blind;
And now o'er the gateway of Eden
The sword of the angel is crossed,
And you miss all the sweetness and sunshine,
The joy of a Paradise lost.

You think you have done all your duty,
Have prayed and have labored in vain,
And feel, as a husband, that David
Has really no right to complain.
But let us sit down in the twilight
And talk o'er the subject awhile,
Before you take leave of the meadow
It is well that you pause on the stile.

'Tis likely that David is fretful,
And careless at times, it is true;
His business absorbs him too closely,
But is he not working for you?
So when he comes home in the evening,
Quite silent, and thoughtful, and queer,
Just let your heart keep up its singing,
And pretend you don't notice, my dear.

For just as a scratch on the finger
Will heal if you let it alone,
So many a trouble and grievance
That David and you may have known
Would soon have been gone and forgotten,
And left not a scar on the heart,
Had either been fond and forgiving,
Had you never supposed you could part.

'Tis your duty to yield, and you know it;
You will if you're true to your trust;
Your God and your honor demand it,
And David is gentle and just.
Don't keep any bones of contention;
Don't hold to this terrible strife;
But make him a much better husband
By being a much better wife.

Romance of an American Queen.

In 1733, the settlement of Georgia was commenced by a number of English people, who were brought over by Gen. Oglethorpe, and pitched their tents on the very spot now occupied by the city of Savannah.

In his intercourse with the Indians, he was greatly assisted by an Indian woman, whom he found in Savannah, by the name of Mary Musgrove. She had resided among the Indians, in another part of the country, and was well acquainted with their language. She was of great use, therefore, to General Oglethorpe in interpreting what he said to the Indians and what they said to him. For this service he gave her a hundred pounds a year.

Among those who came over with Gen. Oglethorpe was a man by the name of Thomas Bosomworth, who was the chaplain or minister of the colony. Soon after his arrival he married the above mentioned Indian woman, Mary Musgrove. Unhappily, Bosomworth was at heart a bad man, although by profession he was a minister of the gospel. He was distinguished for his pride and love of riches and influence. At the same time he was very artful. Yet, on account of his profession, he was for a time much respected by the Indians.

At one of the great councils of the Indians, this artful man induced some of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one of the greatest among them, to declare him Prince and Emperor of all the Creeks. After this he made his wife call herself the eldest sister of Malatche, and she told the Indians that one of her grandfathers had been made king by the Great Spirit over all the Creeks. The Indians believed what Mary told them, for since Gen. Oglethorpe had been so kind to her, they had become very proud of her. They called a great meeting of the chiefs together, and Mary made them a long talk. She told them that they had been injured by the whites—that they were getting away the lands of the Indians, and would soon drive them from their possessions. Said she: "We must assert our rights—we must arm ourselves against them—we must drive them from our territories. Let us call forth our warriors—I will head them. Stand by me, and the houses which they have erected shall smoke in ruins."

The spirit of Queen Mary was contagious. Every chief present declared himself ready to defend her to the last drop of his blood.

After due preparation, the warriors were called forth. They had painted themselves afresh, and sharpened anew their tomahawks for the battle. The march was now commenced. Queen Mary, attended by her infamous husband, the real author of all their discontent, headed the savage throng.

Before they reached Savannah their approach was announced. The people were justly alarmed. They were few in number, and though they had a fortification and cannon, they had no good reason to hope that they should be able to ward off the deadly blow which was aimed against them.

By this time the savages were within sight of Savannah. At this critical moment an Englishman, by the name of Noble Jones, a bold and daring man, rode forth, with a few spirited men on horseback, to meet them. As he approached them, he exclaimed, in a voice like thunder:

"Ground your arms! ground your arms!—not an armed Indian shall set his foot in this town!"

Awe-struck by his lofty tone, and perceiving him and his companions ready to dash in among them, they paused, and soon after laid down their arms. Bosomworth and his queen were now summoned to march into the city, and it was permitted the chiefs and other Indians to follow, but without their arms.

On reaching the parade-ground, the thunder of fifteen cannon, fired at the same moment, told them what they might expect should they persist in their hostile designs. The Indians were now marched to the house of the president of the council in Savannah, where Bosomworth was required to leave the Indians while the president had a talk with them.

In his address to the Indians the president assured them of the kindness of the English, and demanded what they meant by coming in this warlike manner. In reply they told him that they had heard that Mary was to be sent over the great waters, and they had come to learn why they were to lose their queen.

Finding that the Indians had been deceived, and that Bosomworth was the author of all the trouble—that he had even intended to get possession of the magazine, and to destroy the whites—the council directed him to be seized and to be thrown into prison.

This step Mary resented with great spirit. Rushing forth among the Indians, she openly cursed Gen. Oglethorpe, although he had raised her from poverty and distress, and declared that the whole world should know that the ground she trod upon was her own.

The warlike spirit of the Indians being thus likely to be renewed, it was thought advisable to imprison Mary also. This was accordingly carried into effect. At the same time, to appease the Indians, a sumptuous feast was made for the chiefs by the president, who, during the better state of feelings which seemed to prevail, took occasion to explain to them the wickedness of Bosomworth, and how by falsehood and cunning he had led them to believe that Mary was really their queen—a descendant of one of their great chiefs.

"Brothers," said he, "it is no such thing! Queen Mary is no other than Mary Musgrove, whom I found poor, and who has been made the dupe of the artful Bosomworth; and you, brothers, are the dupes of both."

The aspect of things was now pleasant. The Indians were beginning to be satisfied of the villainy of Bosomworth, and of the real character of Mary. But, at this moment, the door was thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, Mary burst into the room. She had made her escape from prison, and learning what was going on, rushed forward with the fury of a tigress:

"Seize your arms! seize your arms! Remember your promise, and defend your queen!"

The sight of their queen seemed in a moment to bring back all the original ardor of the enterprise. In an instant, every chief had seized his tomahawk and sprang from the ground to rally at the call of their queen.

At this moment, Captain Jones, who was present, perceiving the danger of the president and the other whites, drew his sword and demanded peace. The majesty of his countenance, the fire of his eye, and the glittering of his sword, told Queen Mary what she might expect should she attempt to raise any higher the feverish spirits of her subjects.

The Indians cast their eyes towards Mary, as if to inquire what they should do. Her countenance fell. Perceiving his advantage, Captain Jones stepped forward, and, in the presence of the Indians standing round, again conducted Mary back to prison. A short imprisonment so far humbled both Bosomworth and Mary, that each wrote a letter, in which they confessed the wrong they had done, and promised, if released, that they would conduct themselves with more propriety in future. The people kindly forgave them both, and they left the city.

How Smikes Stopped Chewing Tobacco.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So one morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously, what she had never said before; that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to take a chew, when he recollected himself, and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over, Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while conversing with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy habit, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had already heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon him a monstrous quid of "fine cut" as large around as a cart-wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked him what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told every body who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much-informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated, "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that camomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out: He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for his dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes' office that day. He was a friend of Smikes, and as he drew forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box, remarked that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.

AN Irish clergyman, who was a hard laborer on his glebe, and when so occupied dressed in a very ragged manner, was recently engaged attending the early potato field, when he was surprised by the very rapid approach of his patron in an open carriage with some ladies whom he was to meet at dinner in the afternoon. Unable to escape in time, he drew his hat over his face, extending his arms covered with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - July 18, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.
TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.
COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.
POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.
CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.
AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.
JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

RIGHT on the heels of the Radical State Convention in Iowa, which met at Des Moines a short time ago and threw a tub to the whale by adopting a resolution denouncing the members of Congress who voted for the extra salary grab, but which forgot to utter one word of condemnation against Grant, whose signature made the swindle a law, another gathering called the "Anti-Monopoly Convention" assembled at the same place, last Monday. This latter body not only condemned the back-pay fraud, but in vigorous language denounced Grant for signing the bill, and demanded its repeal. Its repeal, so far as Grant is concerned, is all moonshine, since the constitution expressly provides that the salary of the President shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected. When Grant affixed his signature to the bill he knew perfectly well that, at least during *his* second term, one hundred thousand dollars more than he agreed to take when he was re-elected would find its way into his willing pocket under the sanction of a constitutional provision. Having, therefore, a sure thing of it, the cry of repeal has no terrors for him, and is only *vox et preterea nihil*.

THE Constitutional Convention has adopted an amendment which declares that "no law changing the present location of the capital of the State at Harrisburg shall be valid, until the same shall have been submitted to the people at a general election, and ratified and approved by them." The following sections regulating the salaries of all county officers, and changing the mode of electing County Commissioners and County Auditors, have also been agreed to. The effect of the 5th section will be to give to the minority party in a county one member in each board:

SEC. 3. All county officers shall be paid by salary to be prescribed by law, and all fees attached to any county office shall be received by the proper officer for and on account of the State or county, as may be directed by law. The annual salary of any such officer and his clerks shall not exceed the aggregate yearly amount of fees collected by him.

SEC. 4. The Legislature shall provide by law for the strict accountability of county, township and borough officers, as well for the fees which may be collected by them as for all public or municipal moneys which may be paid to them.

SEC. 5. Three County Commissioners and three County Auditors shall be elected in each county, where such officers are chosen, in the year 1875 and every third year thereafter. In the election of said officers each qualified elector shall vote for no more than two persons, and the three persons having the highest number of votes shall be declared elected. Any casual vacancy in the office of County Commissioner or County Auditor shall be filled by the Court of Common Pleas of the county in which such vacancy shall occur, by the appointment of an elector of the proper county who shall have voted for the Commissioner or Auditor whose place is to be filled.

SEC. 6. The terms of office of all county officers shall begin on the first Mondy of December next after their election.

DURING the last four weeks numerous efforts have been made in the Constitutional Convention to procure an adjournment until the middle of September or the beginning of October. All these attempts to get the convention away from its business have fortunately thus far been defeated. The latest experiment in this line was made by Mr. Buckalew, last Friday, who offered a resolution that when the article on railroads shall have passed second reading, the Convention will adjourn until the 15th of September. The resolution was referred to the proper committee. When will this silly business have an end? Many days have been wasted by tedious debates upon this and other like questions, such as whether there shall be afternoon sessions; whether there shall be evening sessions; or whether the convention shall adjourn to Harrisburg, Bedford, Bethlehem, Scranton, or one of the many other places suggested. The people are fast becoming tired and disgusted with this sort of child's play and unnecessary consumption of time. The convention is getting beyond its legitimate business, is attempting to do too much, and is usurping the functions of the Legislature rather than making necessary changes in the organic law. This is to be regretted for the obvious reason that a constitution the provisions of which are spun out *ad infinitum*, may fail to excite popular sympathy, and thus defeat its ratification at the ballot box. Too much of any good thing is not always wholesome, even though it be a state const tution. The convention, except on this adjournment *mania*, is diligently performing its work, and we trust it will fight it out on that line and that we shall hear nothing more of a motion to adjourn unless it be to meet on the following day.

P. S. Since the above was put in type, Mr. Buckalew's resolution to adjourn until Sept. 15th has prevailed. For various reasons the action of the convention seems to us to be wholly indefensible.

Hon. Clarkson N. Potter's Speech.

The democracy of New York city celebrated the 4th of July in their usual customary and spirited manner. The orator of the day was Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, the present member of Congress from the Tenth district of that State. Mr. Potter is a gentleman of distinguished ability and admitted purity of character, and if we had the space we would willingly publish his entire speech as we find it reported in the New York *World*. We can only afford room, however, for the following portion of it, which will command general approval for the sound, practical views which it expresses:

"What, then, shall we say of the present condition of the United States? On every hand an unprecedented material prosperity prevails. The 3,000,000 of people whose declaration we celebrate—then thinly scattered along the Atlantic sea-board—have grown to be the 40,000,000 of our day. But with and beyond all this marvelous prosperity have we no real ground for alarm? Vastly as we surpass our fathers in numbers and wealth and power, are we not losing the public virtue and the private worth which adorned their lives? With our matured prosperity has grown up everywhere an insatiable desire for riches and unbridled luxury and reckless extravagance. In their blind pursuit of wealth men have ceased to consider how it was acquired, if only it could be secured. On all sides greed and corruption abound. State and municipal councils, chosen to legislate for the well-being of the people, are too often occupied with private jobs and schemes of plunder. With what anxiety on the part of all honest people is the meeting of a State Legislature attended; with what relief is its adjournment hailed, whether it be in our own State or in the neighboring sister States of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, whether the Legislature be controlled by one party or by the other. In what great city are not tax-payers subjected to plunder by unnecessary street openings, unjust assessments, wasteful expenditure? In connection with what public office is there not believed to be a ring? with what patronage no secret gain? While men without principle seeking profit through political organization ally themselves with the dominant party of the moment, and call themselves Republicans in Philadelphia or Democrats in New York in order to wield the influence and control the patronage of the party for personal and selfish ends, until only now and then some flagrant enormity raises temporary public indignation, and they are driven, as these walls bear witness, from the power they abuse and the shelter of the names and the society they have outraged. Indeed, throughout a portion of our land larger than France, a region which submitted itself to our control nearly ten years ago, and which has been the special subject of the paternal attention of the Federal Government, which has been constructed and reconstructed and even in fact re-reconstructed, a condition of public demoralization prevails, which illustrates the results of rule by the worst; in which those having most to suffer and to love, those most interested in the welfare and prosperity of the section are shut out from its councils; in which plunder under the form of law has been so general and so flagrant as to destroy public credit and paralyze even private energy. Now, what shall we say of these evils? Are they the fruits of this much-vaunted system of government of ours, or do they result from other and natural causes which the founders of these governments did not foresee and, therefore, could not have provided against? And how far is it possible to overcome or to check these evils by any changes in our existing governments? These are questions which it seems to me demand the thoughtful, earnest, and dispassionate consideration of all citizens, and especially of all who concern themselves with political or public affairs. Hurried on by the cares and excitements and necessities of the hour, we have been content to adhere to the forms of government our fathers established; and, ascribing to these forms a prosperity largely the result of natural advantages, have given slight heed to the principles these forms were designed to carry out, or to the changes in government which the altered condition of the country requires, but have gone on discussing past issues till we find ourselves in face of a demoralization so alarming as to demand of us now at least to pause and consider. During the past year of war and reconstruction the Democratic party raised its voice for the rights of States and against the usurpations of the Federal Government. But that cry, though hard, was not heeded; not because the people no longer favored limited and localized government, but because the circumstances and the condition of the country were changed which the people thought involved the nationality and supremacy of the Federal Government. We find ourselves, therefore, face to face this day with a new situation. Our central Government has by amendments, by construction, by assumption, but, above all, by the consent and will of the people, absorbed all the substantial powers of government. In a poor and sparse community just establishing a government, as this State was a century ago, the local questions and private claims which arise are insignificant. But as the State grows richer the opportunities for plunder in the form of grants, special privileges, and franchises increase, and the inducements to corrupt legislation increase with those accordingly. In New York men can find fortunes by the monopolies of ferries and roads and streets its legislatures can grant. The power that legislature possesses to create corporations, to authorize combinations, to grant privileges, and confer special rights is the power to enrich one man at the expense of the State. Few sought such monopolies in the early days of the State because few such monopolies were then valuable, but now that such grants have become valuable those who seek them besiege the Legislature for their gift, until it has of late years become a prey to schemers for private grants and private gains. Those who seek such grants not only seek to influence and to corrupt the Legislature, but to control it. Beginning with the primaries they put their men forward, carrying them through their nominating conventions and sustaining them at the polls, so that such members if elected go to Albany, not to represent the people but the jobbers that elevated them. Every year the number of private acts increase. They number already nine-tenths of the whole legislation. We have, indeed, just seen a Legislature continuing to sit for forty days beyond a legitimate session, without any known or lawful compensation, because of the number of its private bills. These evils are not confined to New York. They prevail in all the States where private legislation is of value and is permitted. Never, until all this is completely changed; until by the fundamental law so much of legislation as especially affects these localities is relegated to the county and town authorities; until claims against the State can only be recovered through a court of justice; until the legislature is actually stripped of the power of giving private grants and special privileges, and legislation as to such things is made absolutely general, will there be in these respects—no matter which party is in power—permanent improvement in legislation."

THE death of the President's father stops a $2,000 leak in the U. S. Treasury. Ulysses, five years ago, appointed his father Postmaster at Covington, Ky., at a salary of $2,500. Two years ago the old gentleman became too frail to discharge the duties of the office, whereupon the Postmaster General magnanimously sent a $2,000 clerk to play P. M. at Covington, while Jesse drew his $2,500. A nice family arrangement, without the shadow of law. Any other old man would have resigned, but the President's pap wasn't much on the resign.

Better Late than Never.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION THROUGH THE LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS.

Almost three weeks have elapsed since the third annual excursion of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, with all its attendant incidents, sensations and pleasures, has been numbered among the things that were, and yet it is only at this late day that an opportunity has been afforded us to "say our say" about it. Having had a little engagement with the assembled representatives of the democracy of Cambria county on Monday, June 23d, from which engagement we retired with our bright flower of political promise most effectually nipped in the bud, and having had to issue our paper on the day following, we were forced to forego the privilege of participating in the pleasures and indulging in the "feast of reason and flow of soul," to say nothing of the many other good things, which marked the brief sojourn of the party at Danville, the home of Dr. Bradley, the worthy and respected President of the Association, and of that warm-hearted and whole-souled war horse of democracy, a gentleman who has grown grey in the editorial harness, one of the ablest champions of a good cause, Hon. Thomas Chalfant, State Senator from the 15th district. Suffice it say that the fraternity met with a perfect ovation at the hands of the hospitable people of that prosperous town, and for once in their experience sat down to a sumptuous banquet the credit whereof was not claimed for the town at the expense of the editors themselves. In other words, it was a free offering from a generous people to a body of men whose pocket-books are, generally speaking, as devoid of greenbacks as their heads are of living animalculæ.

Leaving home on the evening of the 24th, we caught the party "out on a fly" on the morning of the 25th; that is, we found them to the number of one hundred and twenty-five or more, at least one-third of whom were ladies, awaiting embarkation by special train at the Danville station. Alighting in the midst of the gay assemblage, many familiar faces met our vision, many friendly greetings and enthusiastic handshakings bade us welcome, and thenceforward with us, as with the rest, "all went merry as a marriage bell," or a belle on the eve of marriage. Ere long the excursionists were comfortably seated in a couple of elegant cars, or elegant coupled cars, on the Danville, Hazleton and Wilkes-Barre railroad, and soon after we were steaming away over the mountains in the direction of Manch Chunk, the next tarrying place in the route laid down. In a comparatively brief "length of period" the excursionists arrived at Hazleton, a beautiful town of some 6,000 inhabitants in the centre of the anthracite coal region, where an hour or so was most agreeably spent in examining the spacious and magnificent grounds of the princely Pardee and other points of interest.

Once more safely aboard the train, we were rapidly borne onward to our destination, Manch Chunk, where we arrived in time for a sumptuous dinner at the Mansion House, one of the finest and best conducted hotels it has ever been our good fortune to put up at. And now shall we give you our impressions of Manch Chunk and its surroundings? Gladly would we do so if our ability was equal to the task, but as it is, we must content ourself with saying that it is one of the most interesting, unique and romantically situated towns the eye of man ever perhaps rested on. The first view one obtains on entering it is, to quote the language of the veteran Bratton, of the Carlisle *Volunteer*, "like the lifting of a curtain before a strange and fascinating picture; the beholder is at once in the middle of the quaint environs of a magic circle. He must be right in the town before he can see it, walled in as it is by the masonry of nature, with huge rocks scattered here and there and projecting at various points of the surrounding mountains, whose sides and summits are covered with the towering forms of beautiful trees clad in eternal foliage. How pitiful and insignificant are the works of men when compared with scenes as glorious as these!" In the centre of this interesting picture, so graphically described, flows the placid waters of the Lehigh which looks so much like any other river of like dimensions and with similar surroundings, that we deem any attempt at description entirely superfluous. Nature itself seems to have been violated in locating a town in so wild, so romantic, and so apparently inaccessible a spot, yet it is none the less a populous, prosperous, pretty and enterprising town, well worthy the sobriquet it bears, "The Switzerland of America," and no one who has the time to spare and the money to spend should fail to pay it a visit.

Wednesday afternoon was occupied for the most part in making a trip around the famous "switchback," a railroad constructed and principally used for the conveyance of coal from the mountains above to the valley below, but why it is called the "Switchback" is beyond our ken to determine. Since we are that no switching back was done in our behalf. In one sense such an experience might have proved beneficial, for in making us *smart* it might have impressed us more forcibly with the "eternal fitness of things" in general and of the "Switchback" appelation in particular. But we anticipate. Reaching the inclined plane at the foot of Mt. Pisgah, whence some of the party were conveyed in coaches, while others, ourself among the number, "tripped the light fantastic toe," or words to that effect, on "Shank's mare," we ere long were comfortably ensconced in three small passenger coaches, somewhat resembling street cars. These, with their living freight, were moved one at time to the foot of the plane, where they were securely attached to a strong iron band, six and a half inches in width, and a "safety-car" placed in the rear. Thus equipped, the signal was given by pulling a handle connected with a long wire attached to a bell at the head of the plane, the 120-horse power steam engine was set in motion, and with many a half-suppressed exclamation of terror on part of the more timid, we commenced the ascent of Mt. Pisgah. Up, up we went to the head of the plane, which (the plane, not the head,) is 2,322 feet in length, with a rise of one foot in every three, an elevation of 664 feet, and an altitude of 1,370 feet above tide water. Soon we are safely landed at the top, where a magnificent panorama, unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty by any like scene in the world, is presented to our admiring vision. As far as the eye can reach on either side we behold the gorgeous works of nature and the wealth-producing works of man. To the left of us, far off in the distance, the Lehigh Water Gap is plainly visible, and beyond that again, fifty-six miles from where we stand, Schooley's Mountain in the State of New Jersey is somewhat indistinctly outlined. Beneath us lies the quaint old town of Manch Chunk, which from this point can be seen in all its length, breadth, and commanding beauty, for a pretty town it is notwithstanding the fact that for the most part it is a "put up job" on old Dame Nature herself. But an end to our revery. The command, "all aboard!" must be instantly obeyed, and soon we are once again upon our winding way. By an invisible agency we are hurried along and around the sides of the mountain, the force of gravitation being the only motive power which impels us, over a grade of some fifty feet to the mile. The foot of Mt. Jefferson is ere long reached, and from there to the top, a distance of 2,070 feet, our way is as *plane* as it was in ascending Mt. Pisgah—thence down a gentle grade "glode" we smoothly into the neat and prosperous mining town of Summit Hill, where some time was pleasantly spent in quenching our burning thirst and watching the small jets of smoke as they escaped from a burning coal mine beneath the earth and curled gracefully heavenward. This mine, it is said, has been on fire for forty years, and all attempts at extinguishing it, which have been many, varied and extensive, seem thus far to have only added fuel to the flame. All that is visible to satisfy the curiosity seeker are the small puffs of smoke which find their way through crevices in the earth, and an immense depression of the ground, caused by the surface sinking and filling up the vacuum occasioned by the consumption of the coal beneath.

From Summit Hill, in company with a few chosen spirits, we went off at a tangent, (we will call it a tangent because we are in honor bound not to divulge the real state of the case, for fear others might wish to "go off" in like manner,) and after enjoying a most exhilerating and exciting ride down a grade of ninety-six feet to the mile, landed safely and snugly at the base of Mt. Pisgah, having made the passage of nine miles from Summit Hill in not many more minutes than it has taken us to tell about it.

And this, as succinctly as space and ability enables us to give it, is an account of our trip round the "Switchback"—a trip the recollection of which will ever linger pleasantly in our memory, and for the enjoyment of which the excursionists are or ought to be greatly obliged to J. T. Stockett, Esq., superintendent of the road, and to his efficient and gentlemanly young assistant, Mr. T. H. Reed. To the last named we, individually, feel under special obligations, for having been admitted to the "inner circle" of his acquaintance, we were afforded abundant opportunity for testing and appreciating his kindly nature and genial disposition. The Company owning the "Switchback" could not, to our thinking, *Stockett* with more gentlemenly officers than those named, who are certainly as clever and accommodating as any one could wish to know or *Reed* about.

On re-entering the Mansion House, after the return of the party from this delightful excursion, the joy of all was changed to utmost sadness in the presence of the great conqueror, Death, who summoned from our midst one of the most prominent gentlemen of whom our State could boast, Hon. M. C. Trout, whose sudden demise has already been noted in these columns. This sad dispensation of course dispelled all anticipation of further pleasures at Manch Chunk, which embraced among other delights a grand hop in the pavillion on the summit of Mt. Pisgah. Instead, a special meeting of condolence was held in the evening, the doings of which were referred to in our issue of two weeks ago.

On Thursday morning the excursionists were conveyed by special train on the Lehigh Valley railroad, first to the high wooden bridge over the little Schuylkill, an immense piece of trussel work rising from the bottom of a deep ravine to an altitude of 159 feet, upon the top of which the railroad track is laid; afterwards to Onoko Glen, some three miles above Manch Chunk—a wonderful piece of nature's handiwork, executed no doubt in one of her most erratic moments. We did the Glen thoroughly, laboriously climbed up its precipitous steeps, gazed upon its foaming cascades and beautiful waterfalls, leaned our back reverently against "The Pulpit Rocks," a pair of immense square boulders, or more properly perhaps one huge rock split in twain, standing on end and towering high above our heads—a gigantic object, or rather pair of objects, which some unsanctified cuss, for reasons best, if not worst, known to himself, proposed to re-christen "The Lovers' Delight"—and came away impressed with the belief that Glen Onoco would, in our estimation be a grand success had we never paid a visit to Watkins' Glen, made world-renowned by the editorial excursion of two years ago.

On the afternoon of the same day the editors bade farewell to Manch Chunk, from which goodly town the party was conveyed by special train on the Lehigh Valley road to Wilkes-Barre, a most enjoyable ride of fifty-five miles between majestic mountains and along winding water-courses. While *en route*, we were met at Fairview by the Wilkes-Barre reception committee, headed by Mayor Kirkendall and accompanied by one of the finest, if not the very finest, bands of music we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. Several halts at points commanding magnificent views of the historic Wyoming Valley were made along the route, and it was not until about four o'clock, p. m., that the excursionists commenced their grand triumphal march from the railroad depot to the Wyoming Valley hotel, where all were cordially welcomed and sumptuously dined and wined, and finally if not firstly consigned to pleasant, airy quarters. The same evening a hop was inaugurated in the commodious dining room of the hotel, but as it didn't amount to a row of pins, comparing it with the ever to be remembered event of like character at Titusville last year, we shall "hop over" that part of the programme without further ceremony.

On Friday morning several handsome private and public equipages were in waiting to convey the excursionists to various points of interest in the vicinity. Some chose to visit the Wyoming Monument, a huge grey-stone structure erected to commemorate the daring deeds of those who on the 3d day of July, 1778, sought to repel the combined forces of British Tories and Iroquois Indians, but were forced to succumb to overpowering numbers, and on the day following, after surrendering their fortifications to the enemy, were, in common with all others who failed to make good their escape, put to death in the most horrible manner that savage barbarity could conceive of; some extended the ride to Pittston, others repaired to the several coal works surrounding the city, while still others, in separate parties, visited Prospect Rock, Bloody Rocks, Indian Hill, Inman's Hill, Ross' Hill, Queen Esther's Stone, and other historic spots almost innumerable. The party with which we had united our fortunes for the time being were first driven to the monument, from whence we started on our return trip for a visit to a new coal breaker, but some how or other brought up on Ross' Hill, in company with another carriage load, where we enjoyed a glorious view of the classic and beautiful Wyoming Valley and looked down with delight upon Wilkes-Barre, a city which has few equals in point of beauty, enterprise, prosperity and hospitality. While on the way to Ross' Hill we passed thro' the pretty town of Kingston, across the river from Wilkes-Barre, and whilst doing so had our attention drawn to an extensive frame building occupying one of the most prominent street corners, and upon one side of said building read in glaring black letters this to us startling legend: "McPike's Hotel." Here was a go. We had all along imagined that we had within the small circle of our own blood relations a patent right on that name as we spell it, and knowing of no member of the tribe who might by chance have wandered into this to us hitherto unknown region, we at once concluded that the hotel in question must be part and parcel of our own vast (?) possessions—in which sage conclusion the party accompanying us very generously coincided. True, we were not aware that we had any hotels lying around loose in Kingston or anywhere else; but what of that? Our friends said that this particular hotel must belong to us, and we had no disposition to dispute the point, but in our own mind resolved on our way back to see how it was ourself. Calling a halt, therefore, upon our return trip, we entered in and were about taking possession when a handsome, ruddy faced son of the Emerald Isle smilingly confronted us and soon dispelled the bright illusion which had taken possession of our mind. He kindly but unmistakably established his right of possession, not only to the property itself, but to the patronymic which we have long borne and we trust never dishonored. Gracefully if not cheerfully we yielded the point, and after the entire party had enjoyed the hospitality of the real proprietor, who generously and without stint "set it up on us" in the way of root beer and lager, we recorded the name of another subscriber to the *Freeman*, unmurmuringly pocketed the $2 greenback so kindly tendered, and then wishing the other McPike a prosperous career, we seated ourself on the soft cushions of the gorgeous vehicle which didn't cost us a cent, and were soon speeding away in the direction of Wilkes-Barre and the Wyoming Valley hotel. And thus it was that we found a new namesake and our paper secured one more pay-in-advance patron.

The same afternoon the Association held its regular summer meeting in Music Hall, a building which does infinite honor to the beautiful city containing it, at which a series of resolutions thanking and inviting denisons upon everybody, from the mammoth railroad corporations which furnished the free passes and special trains down to the humblest individual who had in any way contributed to the success of the excursion and the enjoyment of those who participated in it. To none were the hearty thanks of all more eminently due than to Mr. Rob't S. Menamin, the indefatigable Secretary of the Association, who contributed so freely of his time and energies in the getting up of this and the two preceding excursions, and then labored zealously and without hope of other reward than the consciousness of doing his best to please one and all, in making the excursion a perfect and most gratifying success. In the matter of personal thanks we feel that there was not a lady and scarcely a gentleman in the entire party who did not deserve to be thanked for his or her contribution to the kindly feeling and cordial good will which prevailed throughout. On our own behalf we specially thank Mr. J. W. Bruce, of Pittston, who took us to some extent under his fostering care and aided very materially in showing us many sights and securing us many little enjoyments which otherwise might not have fallen to our lot.

At the same meeting strong speeches were made in opposition to the infamous law, passed by the last Congress, which provides for the charging of postage on newspapers in counties where published and also on exchanges. A committee of three was appointed to draft a resolution expressive of the sentiments of the editors in general, but instead presented one, endorsed by two of the committee, approving of the action of Congress in this particular. This resolution met with loud cries of disapproval and severest censure. Only one of the committee, and he a gentleman more deeply interested in the question as postmaster than as editor, dared to do it reverence. A motion to strike out all after the word "Resolved" and substitute the following: "That the Association disapprove of the action of Congress in the change of the postal laws, whereby payment of postage is required on exchanges and papers delivered within the county where published," met with unanimous approval.

Later in the day, the Democratic State Editorial Association met at the Wyoming Valley hotel and elected the following officers for the current year: President, Hon. Thomas Chalfant; Vice President, John B. Bratton; Treasurer, John H. Rohrer; Recording Secretary, James B. Sanson; Corresponding Secretary, Frank A. Magee; Executive Committee, P. Gray Meek, H. P. Beardslee, S. B. Helfenstein, E. A. Parsons, and Hon. John A. Magee.

Of our own volition we paid a visit to the Catholic church while in Wilkes-Barre, and also called upon the estimable pastor, Rev. D. O'Hern. We found the church to be one of the largest and grandest religious edifices we have ever entered. It was built at a cost of nearly $70,000, and, besides being a great credit to the congregation, is a magnificent ornament to the city. The organ, which we gazed upon with feelings somewhat akin to wonder and admiration, is a splendid and beautiful instrument, having been purchased at an outlay of little less than $5,000.

Friday night witnessed the closing festivities of the excursion, which consisted of a "splendiferous" banquet at the Wyoming Valley hotel, alleged to have been given as a free offering to the assembled editors and their ladies—a claim we are not prepared to either verify or dispute, tho' it does seem to "run down our spinal column" that the expense was somehow hidden away in that mysterious place wherein the Irishman is said to have found the crowbar. Be that as it may, it was a superb affair throughout, enjoyed more by us in seeing others enjoy it than in personally partaking to the full of the many rich viands and other *et ceteras* so bountifully spread before us. On religious principles it was not *meet* for us to accept many of the most tempting dishes, and on temperance principles the *et ceteras* were left unquaffed. Toasts were drank and for the most part resdonded to in the happiest manner, Mr. J. K. Dawes, of the Easton *Free Press*, in response to the toast, "Woman," being specially felicitous in his remarks. He did infinite honor to the fair sex and great credit to himself. Only one sentiment, we believe, a political one, was expressed during the entire evening which awakened a buzz of disapproval, and even that the speaker would probably not have enunciated had he thought that any one would *Ketchum* up at it.

On Saturday morning the excursion ended, and in large and small groups the participants sought their respective homes. In company with a goodly number of the excursionists, we reached Northumberland, by way of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg railroad, about 2 o'clock, p. m., having been detained several hours at Berwick, Columbia county, by a coal train wreck on the road. After a late dinner at Northumberland, we walked over to Sunbury, coming in for a thorough soaking in a fierce rain storm on the way, and there partook of the hospitalities and were driven around the pretty and prosperous town by our warm-hearted friend, Mr. Martin Walls, master mechanic of the Phila. and Erie R. R. shops at that place. Late that night we arrived at Harrisburg, and 5½ o'clock next morning found us afoot between Cresson and Ebensburg, which latter point we reached in due time, somewhat jaded and considerably out of "sorts"—and here we are, kind reader, at your service.

—A writer in the *Labor Tribune* states that prior to the year 1817 there was not a rolling mill in the United States for rolling bar iron. It was all drawn out by the tedious process of the forge hammer. In 1816 Mr. Thomas C. Lewis commenced the first rolling mill in the United States for rolling iron, for Mr. Isaac Mason, Sr., of Dunbar Furnace, near Connellsville, Fayette county. It was built on Redstone creek, at a place called Middletown, commonly known as Plumsock, midway between Brownsville and Connellsville, and commenced operations in September or October (he does not remember which) of 1817.

News and Political Items.

—Jeff Davis was in Baltimore the other day. What do you propose to do about it?

—There is a promise of cardinal's hats for Archbishop Manning, of England, and for two American Archbishops.

—A couple were married while sitting in a buggy in front of a parsonage, in the lower end of Clarion county, recently.

—Hon. Asa Packer has donated to the Lehigh University fifty-six acres of land, and one million dollars to build and endow it.

—John F. Connell is in jail in Titusville, under charge of having committed a brutal outrage upon a little six year old girl.

—It is reported that Prince Fred Grant is about to wed a Miss Dunlavy, whose pa is an Ohio Judge, and is said to be distressingly wealthy.

—Imitation meerschaum pipes are now made out of potatoes soaked in diluted sulphuric acid, and afterward dried under great pressure.

—Rev. E. O. Forney, pastor of Church of the Ascension, Norristown, has, in worldly parlance, "gone ouer to Rome"—joined the Catholic Church.

—Mrs. Eliza Colbron, of Elmira, has given birth to twenty-one children in the last eighteen years. She might be called litterally a fertile Lizer.

—Last Sunday, at Shiloh church, near Hopkinsville, Ky., Mrs. Emily Owen dropped dead at the altar, while in the act of partaking of communion.

—Frank Walworth, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, is now employed in the private office of the clerk of the sloe department in Sing Sing prison.

—William Turner, of Julian Furnace, Centre county, a farmer, hung himself in the barn, last Thursday. No cause known. He was well to do and highly respected.

—One of the farmer's girls of the period, Miss L. McCrory, of Franklin, Fayette co., has cut her father's entire crop of wheat with a team of horses and a Buckeye reaper.

—A robust elderly gentleman of North Newbury, Me., has had a handsome monument erected to the memory of himself and his still living wife, leaving the dates of death blank.

—George R. Roberts, Second Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, will be in executive charge during the absence of President Thomson and Vice President Scott in Europe.

—This striking obituary notice is said to have been published on the death of a Western Congressman: "He returned his back pay to the Treasury, and met his God with a clear conscience."

—A rat gnawed off the fingers of a sleeping child, in Washington township, Berks county, one night last week, and it was only after a desperate effort that it could be driven from the room.

—A daughter of Owen Malley, of Scranton, was bitten by a rattlesnake on Wednesday while picking berries. The girl died the same night from the poison inoculated into her system.

—Wm. E. Udderzook, charged with the murder of a strange man near Jennerville, Chester county, Pa., was arrested in Baltimore on Tuesday morning last and taken back to Chester county for trial.

—In digging a well in White Plains, Nevada, recently, a stream of water of boiling heat was reached at a depth of eighty-two feet. This is probably the first artificial well of boiling water ever made.

—An exchange says: "A St. Louis beauty, just twenty-five, was married to her fifth husband on Tuesday. All of the gentlemen survive. The first four are doing well." Better, probably, than number five.

—Brigham Young's land of promise for the Mormons, Arizona, has proved a mockery, a delusion and a snare. They are homeward bound to Salt Lake, wiser and sadder men and women than when they left there.

—An English newspaper mentions that a husband and wife recently set sail from Derby for Glasgow, Scotland, on the way to Edinburgh, the wife having on her knee her thirty-third baby. Twenty-four of the thirty-three are still living.

—There were no disturbances on Saturday last on account of the celebration of the battle of the Boyne. The processions which occurred in a number of cities in this country and Ireland, were unmolested, and the observance passed off quietly.

—Chester county furnishes a mysterious murder as its quota to the sensational current literature of the day. A young man from Baltimore, traveling agent for a mercantile house there, but name unknown, was the victim, and it is supposed he was murdered for plunder.

—The trial of the Modocs is over, and the only item of information elicited more than was known before the capture of Jack and his companions is, that the massacre was planned the night before it occurred. That the four Indians on trial will be condemned is entirely certain.

—A special from Keokuk says a terrible murder was committed there on Saturday night. Dennis Hays and his wife got into a quarrel, when the latter, assisted by her son, a boy of sixteen by a former husband, set upon Hayes, and with a club beat him over the head, fracturing his skull in several places and killing him.

—A most singular occurrence took place a few weeks ago in Beaver township, Clarion county. When the oil well on the Keiser farm struck a heavy vein of water on the second sand rock, the water wells at the residence of John G. Mendenhall and P. F. Kribbs, Esqs., at Edenburg—half a mile distant—both went dry.

—The Hon. John Bigelow, recently returned from Europe, secured while there the original manuscript autobiography of Franklin, written by the philosopher's own hand, together with a portrait of the distinguished man. The manuscript and picture were in the hands of descendants of the Duplessis family, and cost $5,000.

—The citizens of Janesville, Wis., according to a local paper, were recently astonished by observing the frogs of the vicinity leaving their cool retreats among the marshes and swamps, and start across the country in a northwesterly direction, headed by a band, evidently chosen on account of the strength of their lungs. One "reliable eye witness" estimated the frogs at ten thousand to the acre.

—On Monday, the 7th instant, while a picnic party from Belvidere, N. J., were seated on the table rocks at the Cascades on the Delaware, a large stone rolled down the steep side of the hill, striking a lady, named C. Boolerman, and killing her instantly. It was afterwards discovered that the stone had been set in motion by a man on the heights above, who probably had not seen the picnic party.

—Vice President Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central, has gone to Europe on the double errand of negotiating the bonds of the Texas Pacific and freeing the Memphis & El Paso Railroad from the claims of the French stockholders, who were victimized by Gen. Fremont and his agents. As a part of the latter work, he proposes to clear Gen. Fremont from the stigma judicially put upon him by the French courts.

—A little romance from the post-office of a New England town speaks of hope deferred and a sick heart and all that sort of thing. Regularly every two weeks for the last six years, a letter has arrived there addressed, in a feminine hand, to some unknown person. Over and over they are advertised, but he never comes to claim them, and one by one they are sent to the dead-letter office at Washington. Still they come and still the mystery continues.

—Sharon, Pa., had an intoxication a few mornings ago, the shocking sound nine or ten seconds, were shaken from the shelves of a store there, doors were thrown open, a general stampede of the people ensued.

—The will of Thomas McKeag, of Allegheny, whose death was announced a few days ago, has been filed in the register's office. Nettie Adelia McKeag, a girl aged about twenty years, is made the sole possessor of her father's immense property, estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. The will, dated March 2, 1870, is very voluminous, having three or four sections added. Much of the estate is in Pittsburgh property, which has been in the family since the days of William Penn.

—At a balloon ascension at Pittsburgh on the Fourth, a live bear was attached to the harness, and as he went up and down he uttered the most piteous cries. The balloon went but two squares and then came down on a roof. The bear used his time to the best advantage on the shingles, and when the balloon was too near the ground for safety it dragged him into the street, where he fell upon a pile of bricks, receiving fatal injuries.

—At the last Presidential election in Cowley, Postmaster at Norwich, Massachusetts, voted for Mr. Greeley, and for this he was removed by General Grant. According to the *Republican*, more than three-fourths of the community have petitioned for the restoration of their old postmaster, and the authorities have been deaf to their entreaties. In the face of such overwhelming evidence this is sublime assurance to the influence of Civil Service Reform.

—A sharp newsboy on a Pittsburgh railroad train stole a watch from a fellow traveler the other day, but was detected by the boy searched, but found nothing. The traveler discovered the watch in the boy's harness, and as he went up and down the platform he uttered the most piteous cries. The urchin, in a surreptitious manner that as they had gone to the end of the platform for the searching him perhaps they might find it,

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - July 18, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Loretto, this county, is now a postal money order office.

—See notice of corner stone laying at Wilmore to-morrow.

—Col. Bill Piper is in town, but said we shouldn't mention it. Of course we won't.

—Altoona has eight building and loan associations, whose aggregate weekly loans amount to $12,000.

—Belmont accommodates about one hundred guests at present writing, with plenty room for many more.

—A young man named Davis had one of his feet badly crushed at the Steel Works, Johnstown, Wednesday morning.

—H. Roy Shellar, freight brakeman, was run over and instantly killed by two oil cars at Altoona, on Sunday morning last.

—An Altoona well digger named Jones was severely injured, Wednesday, by a large stone falling upon him while at work in a well.

—A lad named Calvin Ritter was drowned in Little Clearfield creek, Pike township, Clearfield county, while bathing on Sunday last.

—A boy named Edward Levindride, aged seven years, was drowned in the Stony Creek, Johnstown, on Sunday afternoon last, while bathing.

—One of the Johnstown visitors to Hollidaysburg on the Fourth was robbed of $70 between Altoona and Johnstown, while on his way home.

—Argument Court *will* be held next Friday, the 25th inst., and not next Thursday, the 24th, as we erroneously stated in our paper two weeks ago.

—Seven freight cars were precipitated down an embankment at South Fork, this county, last Saturday, and completely wrecked. No person injured.

—Annie Berthold, the little girl who was inadvertently shot by a lad in Woodvale a couple of weeks ago, died in a few days after the sad occurrence.

—Samuel Kinney, of Altoona, aged 25 years and unmarried, had both of his legs cut off by a freight train at Huntingdon, Wednesday last, and died soon after.

—An employe at the Johnstown rolling mill, Phaler by name, was struck on the head by the lever bar attached to the door of a furnace, a few days ago, and nearly killed.

—Under the ægis—otherwise crown—of the immaculate white hat with a leadish tinge previously circulateth John D. Barkley, to his numerous Ebensburg friends and the press.

—Hall's Mowers and Reapers, Hoffman's Mowers and Reapers, and the Sandusky Clipper Rakes. That's what matter with L. & S. W. Davis. Go and see how it is yourself.

—Recently, several persons in Franks-ville, Blair county, were teasing an intoxicated man named Henry Yon, when the latter struck a man named Kelly on the head severely injuring him.

—John J. Jones, hostler at L. & S. W. Davis' livery stable in this place, was kicked by a fractious horse the other day but escaped senseless. Fortunately he escaped without serious injury.

—Charles Gern struck Jacob Lusch on the head with a "black jack," on Wednesday last, in Altoona, and Lusch was at last accounts in a very critical condition. Gern is formerly from Hollidaysburg.

—Cambria is still being paraded in some of our exchanges as one of the immortal thirteen counties in this State which are free from debt. Tax-payers hereaway will understand where "the laugh comes in."

—A man was shot four times in succession at Glen Hope, Clearfield county, last Friday, and still he lives. If the affray had occurred at Glen Hope, there would surely be no hope for the wounded man.

—Mr. Patrick McManamy, of Washingtonville, township, desires to sell his fine farm of 100 acres, with first rate buildings thereon. He will give any one a good bargain who wishes to buy. Advertisement next week.

—A German named Owen Deier, on his way from San Francisco, Cal., to New York, attempted suicide at Altoona, on Monday last, by cutting his throat in a horrible manner. He still lives, and will get well.

—Last Sunday morning week, Rev. J. Winebrenner, a Lutheran minister at Leavansville, Blair county, dropped dead while arranging his toilet at his residence in that place. He had been in falling health for some time previous to his death.

—Frank P. Bradley, of Loretto, has turned up in Greensburg, Ind., as assistant editor of the *Decatur Press*. If he has any pecuniary interest in the concern, we think he will find better paying patrons than the "Florence Dramatic Association."

—Mr. Bardine has presented us with a fine, lithograph of the coming summer resort at Loretto Springs. It is a fine building "on paper" and will no doubt be equally handsome when completed, which is to be done as soon as possible.

—A bright little fellow named Howard Hileman, aged twelve years and a son of a poor widow who resides at Osceola, was drowned in the creek at Cassville, Huntingdon county, on the 5th inst., at which place he was a scholar in the Soldiers' Orphan School.

—A couple of burglars who were caught breaking in Altoona Saturday night are in jail at Hollidaysburg awaiting trial. They gave their names as Charles Riley and Alex. Brown. Considerable "stuff," pistols, revolvers and jewelry, were found on them.

—The Huntingdon *Journal* wants to know if there is "no way to stop the infernal, senseless whistling by engineers through the streets." Must be getting devilish hot in *Durborrow* of Huntingdon when the papers pitch into men for whistling through the streets.

—A "cry-sis" has just occurred in the family of the junior editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*. The delighted father is now doing well—mother and infant ditto, we hope. Can loan you a few SMALL CAPS, Lusch, if you are out of "sorts." More than that it would be in *Wehn* to look for in this quarter.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, wife of Martin Smith, formerly of Hollidaysburg, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Joseph Hart, of that place, was drowned by falling from her husband's boat into the Potomac near Georgetown, D. C. Her remains were brought to Hollidaysburg and interred in the Catholic cemetery on Sunday. She leaves a husband and child.

—Thad. S. Jones, of Hollidaysburg, had the misfortune to lose a package containing $400, while on a trip to Gallitzin, this county, on last Sunday week. He offers a reward of $30 for its recovery, and we are confident that if any citizen of the latter place has found it, Mr. Jones will "get his money back," sure pop—local option or no local option.

—James Fagan, employed at the Johnstown Steel Works, was so severely injured the other day that one of his legs had to be amputated. He had only been employed there for two weeks—he coming at that time with his wife from Pittsburg. As he was in destitute circumstances, he was taken charge of by the Directors of the Poor after the accident.

—The well known line from Shakspeare, in Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar, "See what a *rent* the envious Casca made," was quoted with peculiar fitness by the Poet Laureate of Johnstown, in view of the fact that the *late* Judges of the District Court had rented Union Hall for ten years for the sum of $8,000. And all the tax-payers will say "Amen!"

—'Squire Miller, of Wilmore, is believed to be the champion potato bug buster of his bailiwick. The mode of procedure adopted by the 'Squire is to gently pinch the bug between the points of a pair of sheet-iron tongs, a patent on which has not yet been applied for, and—that's all! Something less than 100,000 bugs have been slain by the 'Squire alone since the opening of the campaign.

—Our blind friend, John Shelow, says the Tyrone *Herald*, who had both his eyes shot out in front of Petersburg, during the war, and who lives with his parents at Ironsville, was being shaved at Philipsburg, on Monday week, when a drunken man entered the barber shop and staggered against the operator's arm, causing the razor in the hands of the barber to cut a horrible gash in his (Shelow's) neck, and coming within a sixteenth of an inch of severing the jugular vein. At this writing the wounded man is in a precarious condition, but if mortification can be prevented he may recover.

—All that is enjoyable in festivities of that kind was abundantly provided and served up to those who attended Father Christy's pic-nic yesterday week. We never saw a larger supply of good things—the substantials and luxuries of life—that were gathered together on that occasion, and we are sure that no one could have wished for a better dinner. The refreshments were also excellent and strictly temperate, the music was good, and the dancing and other pastimes were indulged in with much spirit and apparent pleasure. We trust the clear gain in cash was handsome, for the cause deserved such a finale.

—R. H. Canan, Esq., a well known and much esteemed citizen of Johnstown, committed suicide, on the night of the 5th inst., by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been insane since the 19th of May last, and indeed for many years past was subject to temporary aberrations of mind. He was the fourth son of Hon. Moses Canan, dec'd, and was born in this place October 31st, 1822. He was a kind husband and father, a most exemplary citizen and obliging neighbor, and a man of more than ordinary intellect. He was the author of many well written newspaper articles on various subjects of public interest. Peace to his ashes.

—The "Hayes' Quartette," of Philadelphia, a troupe of vocalists which our people listened to with so much delight last year, intends to be with us once again on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week, July 25th and 26th, and we believe we are not saying too much when we express the belief that they will receive, as we know they deserve, audiences that will fill to repletion the Court House on both occasions. In part second of their programme they will appear as "Old Folks" in costumes of one hundred years ago—a feature of the entertainment which will contribute greatly no doubt to the enjoyment of those present. Admission 35 cts.—children 25 cts. Don't let Ebensburg "go back" on the "Hayes' Quartette."

—"Like father, like son," has been strikingly exemplified, if allegations be true, in a recent shooting affair at Atchison, Kansas, in which Wm. Marbourg, son of Jordan Marbourg, (who, it will be remembered, was shot dead at the Johnstown post-office, a number of years ago, by Joseph Moore,) was severely wounded in the arm and shoulder by a bullet from a pistol in the hands of J. S. Hoke, formerly of Bedford county, this State, whose wife Marbourg is alleged to have debauched. Several shots were exchanged between the combatants, who are second cousins to each other. It is but fair to say that Marbourg denies in toto his alleged criminal intimacy with Hoke's wife.

—What no doubt gave the parents of the little boys at Mt. Gallitzin Seminary peculiar pleasure, on Thursday last, was the neat, tidy and healthful appearance they all presented on the stage, but aside from that, their performances were well calculated to gladden the hearts of those whose pride and comfort we trust they will ever prove. The little fellows did exceedingly well in all their parts, considering their extreme youth and the natural modesty of childhood, and altogether the Third Annual Commencement at Mt. Gallitzin Seminary was alike creditable to the juveniles who participated and to the good Sisters in charge, who know so well how to cultivate the minds and care for souls and bodies of children committed to their keeping. May it ever be thus with Mt. Gallitzin and its youthful, happy scholars.

—It is too late now to say much about the Fourth, but not too late to remark briefly that the Dauntless Fire Company indulged in a grand street parade, led off by the Silver Cornet Band and preceded by the pupils of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary, fully attired in their pretty suits of grey. The engine, the hose carriage, and the hook and ladder truck, were all beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and two handsome flags, the "stars and stripes" and the splendid silk flag presented by the ladies of Ebensburg to the "Cambria Guards" on their return from Mexico, were borne aloft in the van of the procession. A delightful pic-nic, in which good music, good "grub," and the whirling delights of the mazy dance, played leading parts, occupied the balance of the day, and a fine display of fire works followed in the evening. We did not learn the amount realized. The Young Men's Christian Association, with their numerous friends, masculine as well as feminine, spent the day very pleasantly in Lloyd's grove, near the station, where they enjoyed a sumptuous repast and had lots of fun of the kind they most appreciate. About ten o'clock, p. m., Mr. A. Krauss, confectioner and "ice creamer" down street, set off a pretty paper baloon, which sailed off grandly; and thus ended the day in Ebensburg.

THE DISTRICT COURT COMEDY.—When the writ of *quo warranto*, issued at the instance of the Attorney General of the State against James Potts, President Judge of the District Court of Cambria county, came before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg for argument last May, the case was continued, and Tuesday the 7th of October next, at Pittsburgh, was fixed for hearing it. An order was made by the Court that in the meantime, and until the validity of Judge Potts' commission should be disposed of, no business whatever should be transacted by the District Court, except to meet and adjourn. The Court was thus, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. The first day of the regular term of the Court was last Monday week. By an act of Assembly passed last winter, the purpose of which was, if possible, to start the Court in its judicial career once more, the County Commissioners were required to procure a suitable place for holding its sessions, and Parke's Opera House was accordingly rented for that purpose. The sessions of the Court had previously been held in Union Hall, but the lease had been rescinded. Judge Potts, disregarding the action of the County Commissioners in making a lease of Parke's Opera House, as they had authority to do under the law, repaired to Union Hall last Monday week with the Associate Judges, directed the court crier to open the Court, which was done, and then adjourned the same until the first Monday in October. The Clerk of the Court, Mr. George T. Swank, refused to be a party to the Union Hall solemnities, but wended his way to the Opera House, to which place he was either preceded or followed by the Sheriff, the County Treasurer, one of the County Commissioners, the District Attorney, all the members of the bar, a considerable crowd of sight-seers, and by Patrick Markey, a tipstaff of the Court. In a very short time Hon. David Hamilton, who had just presided as one of the Associate Judges of District Court No. 1, in Union Hall, made his appearance in the Opera House, and feeling that while he had already assisted in opening one branch of the Court there could be no constitutional objection to his lending a helping hand in inaugurating another, mounted the wool-sack, and recognizing tipstaff Markey as court crier *pro tem*, directed him to make the usual proclamation for opening District Court No. 2—a duty which that bland and courteous official performed in his well known dignified and impressive style.—Then followed the reading of George T. Swank's commission as Clerk of the Court—after that the suspending order of the Supreme Court was read, and as a *finale* to these brief and interesting judicial proceedings, the accommodating and useful Markey adjourned District Court No. 2 until the first Monday of October next.

Surely Johnstown has no right now to complain that she has no Court, seeing that she can boast of *two*—one of which is presided over by a gentleman "learned in the law," and the other by one who has not heretofore been suspected of knowing any law at all. It is true that they are both more for ornament than use, but then they are handy things to have in a large and growing community. If they both "lived, moved and had a being," all classes and shades of Johnstown society could be accommodated with mixed law on the theory of the thimble rigger, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The County Commissioners having complied with the act of Assembly and furnished a suitable place for holding the sessions of the Court, the question presents itself, why did the President Judge go to Union Hall instead of the Opera House? The answer is, that to meet in Union Hall might possibly in his estimation give official sanction to an illegal and unauthorized lease of that building to which he was one of the contracting parties.

The second act in the comedy of "District Courts," will be played to an admiring public on the first Monday in October. On the next day the *quo warranto* will be heard by the Supreme Court at Pittsburgh and after that Union Hall, which once knew the District Court, will know it no more forever.

MURDER OF A CHILD.—On the 3d of July, inst., Harvey May, residing near Saxton, Huntingdon county, murdered his wife's child by strangulation. May appears to be a weak-minded, jealous-hearted man, who has not been very successful in his matrimonial alliances. His first wife deserted him for more congenial quarters, owing to his jealous disposition. He then "took up," as they say up in the mining region, with the present woman, who had an interesting child. He is represented as having been very kind to it in the presence of neighbors, but invariably when he found it alone he abused it shamefully. He came home and found the mother absent on a number of occasions, and on several of them he declared if he came home and found her absent again he would kill the child. On last Thursday he came home and found the mother absent and proceeded to strangle the helpless little one. His story is that the child accidentally fell upon it and killed it. A *post mortem* examination was made in the presence of a Coroner's jury, who found indubitable marks of strangulation, and the verdict of the jury was that it came to its death from that cause. May was arrested and lodged in jail at Huntingdon to await his trial.—*Hunt. Journal.*

BERRY SHORT CAKE.—Take one pound of flour, mix well through it one-and-a-half measures Banner Baking Powder, and two tea-spoonfuls salt; then rub in one-half pound shortening, add with a spoon one-half pint sweet milk; bake in jelly cake pans. When cold and just before eating, place in layers, covering each one with berries which have previously been sugared. This cake is equally good with any kind of fresh fruit.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this really valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

FRANK A. CONLY, the inimitable, "swung around the circle" last week from Clearfield, Pa., to Loretto, and was greeted with very encouraging audiences at all points, the latter (first night) perhaps excepted. The Cherry Tree correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Gazette* has this to say about Frank:

A few evenings ago we were treated to a peculiar literary feast by Frank Conly, the mimic humorist. His subject was "Hash," which he called "a conglomerated mess of little nothings." It consisted of talk and song alternated, representing various human characteristics. Besides giving a pleasant entertainment, it showed the desirableness of looking at the cheerful side of things and gathering all the happiness we can.

—In the chapel of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Mt. Gallitzin, this place, at seven o'clock on Thursday morning last, prior to the celebration of Mass, Rt. Rev. M. Domenec received the profession of the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, made by Sister Mary Michael, (in the world, Mary Kelly,) of Bellefonte, she having completed her time of probation at the novitiate of the order, of which Ebensburg contains the mother house in the Pittsburg diocese.

CORNER STONE LAYING.—The corner stone of the new Ev. Lutheran church at Wilmore will be laid with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday, July 19th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The people and ministers of the gospel in general are cordially invited to be present. G. W. SETTLEMYER, Sec'y.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, JULY, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—Thrice blessed is our town in her many courts! Laboring as our people have been with the utmost assiduity (especially the first syllable) for the past three or four years to secure a court, they are just now more than rewarded for their efforts by having two courts precipitated upon them. This, you will readily conceive, is rather too much of the good thing, and hence the Poet Laureate of Johnstown is prone to exclaim, with the chap who attempted to run two courts of another kind both at the same time:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away."

On Monday, the 7th inst., the three Judges met at Union Hall, opened court, and then —adjourned. Some dozen or so spectators, including the members of a minstrel troupe performing there at the time and one lawyer, graced the occasion with their presence. At the same time, or very soon thereafter, another court opened in the Opera House, at which Judge Hamilton, who had just hastened over from Union Hall, presided. This court was opened *twice* by Mr. Markey. All the Johnstown and two or three Ebensburg lawyers were present; the Clerk was there with his records and seals, the Sheriff with his writs and returns, and the Treasurer with an abundance, we hope, of "spondulicks." And this court adjourned likewise also.

Without any Flattery, we thought the latter court the better of the two. Judge Hamilton, though not learned in the law, as are his two colleagues, presided with dignity. He is a gentleman of fine presence, five feet eleven and one-eighth inches in height, and of about the usual girth. His countenance indicates at a glance the firm and decided character of the man. The most casual observer would at once be struck with the idea that he was not a man, or a judge, to be trifled with.

The fact of a duplicate, or double-barrelled court, resolves itself, it is said, into a question between two Halls of Justice. The Judges rented one room and the Commissioners leased another, and it seems that the taxpayers of Cambria county are expected to pay for both. As to which was the court, opinions fluctuate. Mr. Ellis, one of the oldest citizens, and as much "up to snuff" as any man in the place, pronounces the Opera House court a fraud, and strongly intimates that the Union Hall court is not to be "sneezed" at. Others take a different view of the matter, and declare that the court should meet where its officers and seals were.

It is said the Union Hall court threatened to bring the Clerk, body, brains and breeches, from the Opera House for contempt, while, on the other hand, a legal way from Ebensburg, or some other village, urged the Clerk to issue a mandamus, or some other kind of damus, against the Judges, to compel them to the Opera House, on the ground that the Judges could not disregard the seal of their own court.

It has been hinted that a majority of the Judges threaten to discharge their very able and efficient tipstaff, Mr. Markey, but he is secure for the present. They cannot interfere with him, inasmuch as they have only power "to open and adjourn the court." By the way, Mr. Markey thinks the Opera House court the better of the two, as the Union Hall court was only opened once, whereas the Opera House court was opened *twice* for the transaction of business among "all honorable" men. Nuff sed.

Yours, &c., SAM.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.—On the Fourth of July, the Phœnix Fire Company secured Boyd's soda fountain, and all day dealt out that delightful beverage to large crowds in Dell Delight grove. In the manufacture of this drink vitriol is one of the ingredients. In the evening many of the things were taken away, but others, among them a demijohn of vitriol, were left standing till the next morning, and a sufficient watch left to take care of them. About daylight C. A. McFarland, of Boyd's drug store, entered the ground, to get some articles left there, and found the guard asleep, except Michael Bollinger, when looking around they heard groans, and proceeding to search, they found an Irishman, Bartholomew Mahoney, who appeared to be suffering excruciating pains. He admitted that he had swallowed a mouthful of the stuff, from one of the demijohns, thinking it whisky, and that it was eating him up. It was vitriol, and his tongue and mouth were terribly swollen and eaten. Remedies were quickly resorted to, and although suffering greatly, he walked to his home, a distance of half a mile or more, and some persons thought he might recover. He was up most of the day, and could talk, but the vitriol was eating at his vitals. Death came to his relief on the evening of Saturday, after some fifteen hours of horrible agony.—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.—A young man named Edward Williams, a freight brakeman on the Pa. R. R., was instantly killed on the siding at Woodvale borough, near Johnstown, on Thursday morning of last week, by being run over by a freight train. He was in the act of drawing out a coupling pin, when he fell forward on the track and ten cars passed over him, severing his head from his body, with the result stated. Young Williams, whose parents died at Cherry Tree, Indiana county, where they resided, was met by Mr. Garret Risbin, of Munster township, under the railroad bridge at Cresson, some thirteen years ago, whither he had wandered from a Catholic institution (probably St. Francis' College,) to which he had been sent by his parents to be educated. Mr. Risbin, taking pity on the orphan boy, adopted and raised him. The remains of the unfortunate young man, whose age was about 22 years, were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Summitville on Sunday last.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.—The August number of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE contains, among other good things, a most wonderful story of Arctic adventure, written by an old whaleman who passed a winter among the ice and snow, frozen in for nine months. It is a thrilling story of peril and excitement, and quite seasonable at this time, after reading of Captain Hall's death, and the escape of some of his crew. Besides this story, there are a dozen or more of others, all of the best quality, and just the thing for a hot afternoon, or seaside reading. The MAGAZINE is a household pet, and some people think they can't keep house without it. It is cheap but real good, and one hundred pages of reading matter are supplied for fifteen cents, or $1.50 per year, and a pretty little Chromo as a premium. All the back numbers from the first of January supplied by the publishers, THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, and for sale at all the periodical depots in the country and Canada.

I. T. COPPOCK, under the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, No. 112, is the topic. I. T. Coppock is the topic—well that's poetry, but we may as well say that his big show window outshines the June roses themselves. Who can paint like nature? Coppock. Who can lose these beautiful colors in each other? Coppock. Nature's self is outdone in the flowers, ribbons, silks, satins, hats, bonnets and dress goods of I. T. Coppock, who is about as clever a man to buy from as ever wielded a yardstick.

CAPT. JACK, the Modoc chief, is no relation of Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines, and neither of them is connected in any way with the immense hardware establishment of Geo. Huntley, High street, Ebensburg, where you can buy mowers, reapers, thrashers, stoves, tinware, iron, nails, woodwork for wagons, and everything necessary for carrying on a successful war against high prices. Let the world still revolve, but go to Huntley's for all you want. He has $20,000 worth to sell.

—D. W. Mullin, Esq., delegate elect from the Blair, Bedford, Fulton and Somerset district to the Republican State Convention, has been instructed to support Hon. Samuel Henry, of this place, for State Treasurer, and Hon. Wm. M. Hall, of Bedford, for the Supreme Judgeship.

HE that steals my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoope down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

RAILROADS.—The great question now is, "What would the great West do without railroads?" but a far more important question is, "What would Ebensburg do without Myers & Lloyd, who supply the people with all kinds of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, and general varieties in their line?" The world might get on without water, but our town couldn't well get along without Myers & Lloyd. Try there—buy there—prices are not high there.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and clev-erest man to buy from you ever read about.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

M. BOSSART & Co., successors to John J. Murphy, Johnstown, are doing a rushing business in the dry goods line. The people flock to see their charming new goods, like pigeons resort to a buckwheat field in September. And no marvel, for they keep choice and cheap dry goods, and are adepts in the art of selling at popular prices. Give them a call.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York, and sold by *all* druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-4t.]

HYMENEAL.

SHUMAN—SMITH.—Married, in Jackson tp., July 3d, by Rev. William Byers, Mr. Adam Shuman, of Blacklick township, and Miss Sophia Jane Smith, of Jackson.

OBITUARY.

JONES.—Died, in this place, on the 4th inst., Daniel T., son of John J. and Mary Jones, aged about 3 years.

POTTS.—Died, in Altoona, on Sunday last, after a brief illness, Josephine, wife of Geo. A. Potts and daughter of Jas. F. Campbell, editor of the Johnstown *Voice*, aged 28 years, 7 months and 15 days.

We knew "Josie" years ago as a handsome, light-hearted, amiable and interesting girl, and can truly say that we note with sincere regret here untimely death. May her immortal spirit find rest in the better land.

WIBEL.—Died, in Cambria township, Monday afternoon last, of diptheria, after a few days illness, Mr. Andrew Wibel, aged 29 years, 10 months and 15 days.

Mr. Wibel was a quiet, inoffensive citizen and an honest man. Kind, considerate and exemplary in all the relations of life, he enjoyed the esteem of both friends and acquaintances and the sincere love of a devoted and faithful wife, who refuses to be comforted in her great bereavement. Two small children have been left fatherless by the death of Mr. Wibel. Interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place Tuesday afternoon. *Requiescat in pace.*

COONSMAN.—Died, in Allegheny township, on Sunday last, after a brief illness, Jennie E., wife of Mr. Lawrence Coonsman, aged about 28 years.

The subject of this notice was a daughter of James McMullen, Esq., of Clearfield township, and was a dutiful daughter, a devoted wife, and a fond mother. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and her sudden death has cast a gloom over the entire community in which she resided. Cruelly and unexpectedly of death crush out the life of her who was the star of her home, around whose knee five small children loved to cluster, and in whom a kind and devoted husband centered all the present and future felicity of this life. But, alas! in a few hours did that unrelenting summons destroy that home for all time! Her remains were followed by a large concourse of sympathising friends to St. Benedict's cemetery, in Carrolltown, on Monday last.

"Yet not alone she lieth—
An angel child is there:
Not single is the sleeper's sighteth,
For God is with her there!
Oh! blame me not for weeping,
We have no mother now. CHILD.

CAUTION!—My wife, MARY BENDER, having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby caution all persons against trusting her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts which she may contract. CHARLES BENDER.
Allegheny Twp., July 18, 1873. 3t.*

ESTATE NOTICE.—Having been granted Letters of Administration on the estate of CATHARINE MCLAUGHLIN, late of the Township of Washington, County of Cambria, deceased, I give notice to all parties indebted to said estate that they must make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
MICHAEL BRADLEY, Administrator.
Washington Twp., July 18, 1873.-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER WEAKLAND, dec'd.
Letters Testamentary on the estate of PETER WEAKLAND, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly proberated for settlement.
CHARLES WEAKLAND, } Executors.
HENRY SCANLAN, }
Carrolltown, July 18, 1873.-6t.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

GALLITZIN SCHOOL DISTRICT in account with the Collector and Treasurer of said District, for the school year ending June 2d, 1873:

P. G. HAGAN, Collector.....Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$2,243 51
	Cr.	
By Exonerations	$ 26 88	
By Cash paid Treasurer	2,062 29	
By Commission as Collector	110 83	$2,200 00
Balance due District		$43 51

J. J. TROXELL, Treasurer.....Dr.

To amount received from Collector		$2,062 29
" " on hand at last settlement		253 63
" " State appropriation		161 82
" " from Allegheny township		46 80
" " from J. Dawson's estate		161 51
" " paid M. & L. B. A., Gallitzin		2 00
" " from J. Bradley for mortar		3 00
" " from unseated lands		79 49
" " from copy books		7 18
" " paid Collector, 5 per cent.		110 83
Total		$2,854 41
	Cr.	
By orders paid	$2,476 27	
By bal. in Treasurer's hands	278 24	
Due from Allegheny twp	58 10	
" " Collector	43 51	$2,956 12
Cash on hands and claims due Township		$472 85

We, the School Board of Gallitzin Township, have examined the accounts and find them as stated above.

MATHEW DIGNAN,
CHARLES HUNTER,
CHAS. O'HAGAN,
F. CRONOUR,
S. BEEHER, } Directors.

Gallitzin Twp., July 7, 1873. [18.-3t.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery.
It will not chill.
It will not gum.
It is equal to the best Lard Oil.
If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,
OIL MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS,
No. 360 Penn Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORKING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cents return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich-st., N. Y.

Free to Book Agents
AN ELEGANTLY BOUND CANVASSING BOOK for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains Nearly 700 fine Scripture Illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show your what our agents are doing.
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

NEVER
Neglect a Cough. Nothing is more certain to lay the foundation for future evil consequences. *WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS* are a sure cure for all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Sore Throat, Colds, Croup, Diptheria, Asthma, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Dryness of the Throat, Windpipe, or Bronchial Tubes, and all Diseases of the Lungs.
In all cases of sudden cold, however taken, these TABLETS should be promptly and freely used. They equalize the circulation of blood, mitigate the severity of the attack, and will, in a very short time, restore healthy action to the affected organs.
WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only in *blue boxes*. Take no substitutes. If they can't be found at your druggists, *send at once to the Agent in New York*, who will forward them by return mail. **Don't be Deceived by Imitations.** Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. per box.
JOHN O. KELLOGG, 18 Platt-st., N. York, Send for Circular. Sole Agent for U. States.

Write for Large Illustrated Price List. Address,
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
No. 119 SMITHFIELD ST. PITTSBURGH PA.
Breech-loading Shot Guns, $10 to $300. Double Shot Guns, $8 to $150. Single Guns, $3 to $20. Rifles, $8 to $75. Revolvers, $6 to $25. Pistols, $1 to $8. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle, etc. Large discount to Dealers or Clubs. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. Goods sent by express C.O.D. to examine before paying for.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN JURUBEBA BLOOD PURIFIER
Is the most powerful cleanser, strengthener and remover of Glandular Obstructions known to *Medical Science*.
It is specially adapted to constitutions "worn down" and debilitated by the warm weather of Spring and Summer, when the blood is not in active circulation, consequently gathering impurities from sluggishness and imperfect action of the secretive organs, and is manifested by Tumors, Eruptions, Blotches, Boils, Pustules, Scrofula, &c., &c.
When weary and languid from overwork, and dullness, drowsiness and inertia take the place of energy and vigor, the system needs a *Tonic* to build it up and help the Vital Forces to regain their recuperative power.
In the heat of Summer frequently the *Liver* and *Spleen* do not properly perform their functions; the Uterine and Urinary Organs are inactive, producing weakness of stomach and intestines and a predisposition for blood derangement.
Dr. Well's EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA is prepared directly from the SOUTH AMERICAN PLANT, and is peculiarly suited to all those difficulties; it will cleanse the VITIATED BLOOD, strengthen the LIFE-GIVING POWERS, and REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS FROM IMPAIRED AND ENFEEBLED Organs.
It should be freely taken, as Jurubeba is pronounced by medical writers the most efficient PURIFIER, TONIC and DEOBSTRUENT known in the whole range of the vegetable plants.
JOHN O. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., N. Y., Sole Agent for the United States.
Price One Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of a writ of Vend. Expon., Issued Out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Benford House, Johnstown, on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF AUGUST next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Herman Coleman, of, in and to a lot ground in the Sixth Ward, Johnstown Borough, Cambria County, fronting on Napoleon Street and adjoining lots of Daniel Tullinger and Adam Fockler, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of Herman Coleman. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Schmidt, for use of John Dinner & Co. Terms of sale cash.
W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 3, 1873.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,
GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.
Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.
M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.
Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the Estate of MARY O. EVANS, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JNO. E. SCANLAN, Executor.
Ebensburg, June 20, 1873.-6t.

F. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES NULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, upstairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business

A RATTLING RIDE.

Clear Creek is a miniature river that runs through the canon of the same name. It descends upon a down grade of 400 feet per mile, with here and there a fall over a rocky precipice fifteen or twenty feet in height. Large boulders, forty and fifty feet in diameter, and weighing thousands of tons, impede its dashing progress every two or three hundred yards, while its curves are so sharp and frequent that the stream can nowhere be seen for the distance of a thousand feet. Granite cliffs two or three miles high project over it on either side, and give a frightfully romantic and dangerous appearance to the rushing torrent beneath.

Just below Black Hawk, on the side of the stream, a small reservoir has been constructed in which is kept an ordinary skiff. Last Sunday two little sons of Martin F. Walker, aged respectively ten and twelve years, got into the boat and were splashing in the water with a stick, when the fastening gave way and the boat went drifting towards the rapidly running current. The little boys soon discovered their danger, but were powerless to avert it, and they clutched hold of the side of the boat and with pallid countenances awaited their doom. Soon the boat was caught by the current and began descending at a fearful rate. On she went, the boys' hats blowing off and their hair standing straight up; over Black Hawk rapids th y pa sed like an arrow, clearing a distance of sixty feet in a single dash. Lighting again on the torrent surface, the boat seemed to have gained a new impetus, and shot by the boulders and around the rocky points with the celerity of a sunbeam. At a distance of about six miles below the starting point, Conductor Gibbons, who was standing on the rear platform of the down C. C. train, saw the boat coming, and immediately stopped the train. All hands repaired to the water's edge, and did everything in their power to arrest the flying boat, but past them she went like a bullet from a rifle, and was out of sight in a moment. The conductor then ordered the engineer to put on a full head of steam and follow as rapidly as possible, which he did, constantly sounding the alarm of danger. He did not get another glimpse of the boat, but the alarm brought the employes at Beaver Creek Station to the look out, and quickly making a slip-noose they sought to throw it over the bow of the boat as she came under the bridge. This they succeeded in doing, but could no more hold it than they could have held a thunderbolt, and over Beaver Creek Falls she went with the speed of lightning. The falls are about thirty feet high, and at the front are a number of large boulders, but the velocity of the boat was such that it cleared them easily, and struck the water some twenty feet beyond. From here no mortal eye saw the boat or its living freight until it reached a point one hundred miles below Denver. Through Golden into the Platte river and under the Denver bridges she went, unnoticed nor slackened her pace until she lodged in a drift, the distance below Denver above mentioned. The Platte does not run very rapidly, but the boat had acquired such a wonderful speed in its descent from the mountains, that it far outrode the current. A Mr. Welsh, who lives on a farm near the drift where the boat lodged, discovered the boys in the boat, which was nearly full of water, and took them to his home. They were restored to their overjoyed parents the following evening, after having accomplished the most perilous journey in the quickest time ever before made by any human being who escaped alive. The distance traveled was a hundred and forty miles in two hours, but how it was ever done, or how the boat escaped being dashed to pieces upon some of the huge boulders or rocky cliffs which everywhere intercept the course of Clear Creek, is nothing short of a providential miracle. Probably not again in a thousand years could the journey be made with the best appliances, and by the most skillful mariners.—Central City (Col.) Coach.

CURIOUS WILL CASE.—The Troy *Times* relates the following concerning a well-known citizen of that place who in 1845 married an estimable lady there: "For a while they lived happily together, but on account of family dissensions in 1848 they signed an agreement that they would live apart. The fruit of their union was a daughter, who remained with the mother. Some time after the husband, presuming he had been legally divorced, married again, and shortly thereafter his wife followed his example. In time the gentleman's second wife died, leaving him a son, and a few years ago he again married. The first and third wives are still living, but a few days ago the gentleman died, leaving the bulk of his property, amounting to $35,000, to his last wife and family, consisting of two children. Since the death of the gentleman it has transpired that, not having been divorced from his first wife, he committed bigamy in marrying again. The first wife will now bring an action, through counsel, to break the will, which has not yet been presented for probate. She claims that when the will was made, her first husband was not in his sound mind, and that undue influence was exerted over him. She will claim dower in all real estate transactions, and has engaged counsel to prosecute her claim in behalf of herself and daughter, the latter being also married. All the parties are of the greatest respectability, and the case is a very hard one for all concerned."

INGROWING NAILS.—Dr. Blower, of Liverpool, states that, for the past twenty years, he has employed compressed sponge very successfully in the treatment of ingrowing nails. His method is to render the sponge compact by wetting and then tying it tightly until it is thoroughly dry. A bit of the sponge, in size less than a grain of rice, is placed under the nail, and is secured by strips of adhesive plaster. In this way the point of the nail is kept up from the toe until the surrounding soft parts are restored to their normal condition by appropriate means. Of course there is no pain in this remedy, and its application requires only ordinary skill.

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A

Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches an Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with

YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKINGS YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 21, 1873.-tf.

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—OR.—

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Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the Light of Day; Startling Adventures in all parts of the World; Mines and Mode of Working them; Undercurrents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets; Down in the Depths of the Sea; Strange Stories of the Detection of Crime. The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life in prison; stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through sewers and catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

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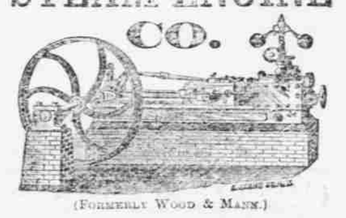

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We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.

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We make the manufacture of Saw Mill outfits a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unequaled for beauty of design, economy and strength.

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This work is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufacture, etc., in all ages. It is a complete encyclopedia of arts and manufactures, and is the most entertaining and valuable work of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public. It is adapted to the wants of the Merchant, Manufacturer, Mechanic, Farmer, Student and Inventor, and sells to both old and young of all classes. The book is sold by agents, who are making large sales in all parts of the country, and is offered at the low price of $3 50, and is the cheapest book ever sold by subscription. No family should be without a copy. We want agents in every town in the United States, and no Agent can fail to do well with this book. Our terms are liberal. We give our agents the exclusive right of territory. One of our agents sold 138 copies in eight days, another sold 363 in two weeks. Our agent in Hartford sold 307 in one week. Specimens of the work sent to agents on receipt of stamp. For circulars and terms to agents address the publishers.

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Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive Hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. [May 2, 1873.-tf.]

THE CURSE OF O'KELLEY.

The "Curse of O'Kelley," though occasionally alluded to, has perhaps never been seen in print by a great majority of our readers. Carmac O'Kelley, the celebrated Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the county of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so raised his ire that he embalmed the people of that place in the following

"STRING OF CURSES."

Alas! how dismal is my tale:
I lost my watch in Doneraile—
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal (*sale*),
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile;
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile;
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile;
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal (*vale*),
Be never found in Doneraile,
But garlic soup and scurvy kale
Be still the food for Doneraile;
And forward as the creeping snail,
Th' industry be at Doneraile;
May Heaven's chosen curse entail
On ragged, rotten Doneraile;
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their light on Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings, and common weal
Despise and harrass Doneraile;
May every post, gazette, and mail
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
May vengeance fall on head and tail
From north to south in Doneraile;
May profit small and tardy sale
Still damp the trade of Doneraile;
May fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'r she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To thin the knaves at Doneraile;
May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and blood-hounds trace and trail
The cursed crew at Doneraile;
May Oscar, with its fiery flail,
To atoms thrash all Doneraile;
May every mischief fresh and stale,
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse and damn you, Doneraile;
May neither flour nor oatmeal (*oatmale*)
Be found or known in Doneraile;
May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May not one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile;
May all the rogues that rob and steal (*stale*)
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May mischief big as a Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves in Doneraile;
May curses whole and by retail
Pour with full force on Doneraile;
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking pail
Fail dry to staves in Doneraile;
May cold and hunger still congeal (*congale*)
The stagnant blood of Donerville;
May every hour new woes reveal (*recale*)
That hell reserves for Doneraile;
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er the imps of Doneraile;
May the Inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile;
May Sodom's curses now prevail
And sink to ashes Doneraile;
May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned, from Doneraile;
Oh! may my coupiet never fail
To find new woes for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner jail
Forever groan with Doneraile.

THE BAGGAGE SMASHER ONCE MORE.—We gather from our exchanges that the potato bug has begun its annual operations; that the flies are going to be a greater pest than ever; that the season is to be an extraordinary one for the development of the mosquito; and that grasshoppers are eating everything up in the west. Plans innumerable are suggested for the extermination of these pests, but none as yet seems to have found favor. These things must be expected to come in with the summer season, which would lose half of its interest without them. Another pest has also made its seasonable appearance, simultaneously with the hegira to the watering places, and that is the baggage smasher against whose depredations a wail of agony is going up from one end of the country to the other. This monster has developed into a creature of extraordinary destructiveness and defies extirpation. We read of one whose haunt is between Philadelphia and Cape May, who, it is claimed, can take a Saratoga trunk by the handle and pull the entire side out without a seeming effort, and go about his business as though he were not the least bit proud of his achievement. Unfortunately for him, the owner of the trunk was seized with a frenzied ambition to pull this baggage smasher's ears off, and had nearly succeeded when he was interrupted. We are very sorry he was not permitted to continue, as he might thereby have discovered the long-desired remedy against the further encroachments of this untiring and devoted encourager of the trunk trade.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American* commends onions as a specific against epidemics—not as an esculent, but sliced and kept in a sick-room, where they will absorb any atmospheric poison. They should be replaced by fresh ones every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small-pox potient they will blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effective in the case of snake bites.

PINE-APPLE ICE CREAM.—One quart of cream, or half cream and half rich milk. One pound and a quarter of pulverized sugar—granulated will do—and a large ripe pine-apple. Prepare the pine-apple as for table, cutting the slices somewhat thinner, however, and spread the sugar between the layers. Let this stand in a covered dish several hours. Then cut it up fine in the syrup and strain it. Stir it into the cream by degrees, and freeze *at once*.

THE
NEW DISCOVERY
In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
195 Seventh Ave., New York.

LYON'S
KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair,
LYON'S
KATHAIRON

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Parke's Marble Works,

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MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-tf.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, 71.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.]

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

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Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

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—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS,

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, style and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimen of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136. Franklin Street, Johnstown. 136.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery,

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for $1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept 20.-tf. GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Cashier.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

TRAITS OF CIVILIZATION.

A New York gentleman has a pet monkey of whose capacity he is proud. He has taught it to smoke, to drink, to play cards, and many other accomplishments which are not commonly found in the monkey tribe. Its mischief enough is to fill the pipe with tobacco or liquor to make them sick. It is supposed that the animal has the delirium tremens some day or other, as in his dissolute career he has resorted to the monkey tribe and the imitating of the monkey, a gentleman who has travelled in foreign lands, where such animals abound, writes:

"It was in a wild and desolate country, on the plains of Africa, that journeying one day, a friend and I sat down under the shade of a huge banyan tree, and were enjoying a few of the various edibles, to be washed down with a glass of Bass's best, when we were disturbed by the arrival and approach of black-faced monkeys; more than a hundred were literally swarming around us. They looked on us as interlopers, and for some time their gestures were so menacing that we were in doubt whether they would dispute the ground with us. But after a time things seemed to settle down, and we went on with our meal in peace. We had just finished our repast, and were strolling forth from the shade, when to our amazement all the monkeys—a young one—fell to eating. Each branch at our feet. The clamor that arose from the occurrence of this calming was deafening. The wholesome fruit was devoured together for a certain time, and then were the chatterings and grimaces of the tribe, which ended in a fight with the other in the following manner. Their looks and gestures convinced us that they suspected us as being the cause of the death of their young, and had we had guns or any other murderous weapons with us, no doubt have been set upon and killed. But we were unarmed, and the leader of the monkeys seemed to think that there must be some other reason to come to this conclusion, and apparently the scamp, the leader of the tribe, separated himself from the rest, and came to the spot on the branch where the monkey had fallen, scented it, smelt the branch, and then glided down one of the pillars or posts, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, more especially the shoulder, where there was a wound. Instinct immediately told him the suspicion into certainty. He then ran on the ground again, and looked up in every direction, endeavoring to find the foliage in his search for the author of the wound. After a little while he espied the rivet his attention. In a moment he was mounted the tree, springing from branch to branch with one clutch had seized a young snake, with which he leaped to the ground. Now occurred a most extraordinary scene. The whole monkey tribe, following their leader, were on the ground as soon as he; then as if by word of command ranged themselves on each side of the snake. Each monkey put his tail around the reptile, clutching hold of it with his hands, and drew it back tightly. At a given signal the executioners dragged the snake backward and forward on the ground, and nothing was left of the monkey but a few scattered bone. The mode of execution was terrible in the extreme, and, in the way it was carried out, showed the clear intelligence of the monkey language."—*Overland Monthly for August.*

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

One beautiful summer's afternoon I was in company with my wife and our only child, a prattling fellow of six summers, when we went out for a walk. A little dog followed us. Twice I had to drive him back—the last time I threw a stone at him. The afternoon was very fine, and we walked slowly followed the serpentine windings of the railroad, which, at that time, was turned upon scarcely a single straight line in our walk; the gaily-plumed birds were singing and chattering around us, and the whole scene inspired us all to merriment.

Becoming weary at length, we seated ourselves down upon a grassy bank on the side of the railroad, which was about twenty feet below where a short cut through a deep cut could be seen. Our little boy amused himself by running up the bank, and then rolling down again, picking up pebbles and dandelions that grew in abundance around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was perusing a copy of Peter's Saints' Rest," while I was lying on the grass beside her, enjoying the beauty of the landscape spread out before me, the fields of waving grain, the cattle grazing to and fro, while here a field of fragrant scented clover shed its grateful perfume on the air.

'Twas like some enchanted scene, all was silence broken only by the tinkling of the cattle bells, or the lowing of some animal that was fully grazed on the choicest pasture, and the thinking of the infinite goodness of the Great Creator in making the earth so beautiful for just such scenes as these, when thousands are swept away from the face of the earth forever and forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of a approaching train. Instinctively I looked to look for little Harry, when I heard the exclamation from my wife caused me to look up.

She was pale as death. "Where is our child?" she faintly asked. I looked, but did so, and, my God! who can describe my feelings, or say that wrung my heart at that moment? The little reckless rascal had attempted to cross the track unheeded, and had sat himself down on the taken sleepers, just before the train, to cull his flowers, and was unconscious of the danger that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards the train, beckoning him to come to me as I thought. Instead of doing so, he appeared to think it a playful spot, commenced to run down the track, laughing gleefully as he saw the train and the smoke from the advancing engine. I saw in this instant distinctly visible that it was impossible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that awful death. I knew that it was. I was hurrying him on with all my might. No, it was evident my efforts would be of no avail. I breathed a prayer to God, short, but fervent, high, and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp whistle of the engine broke upon my ear. With the bound our boy cleared the track, and, with a merry laugh, seated the little woolly intruder in my arms, safe and sound.

The train rushed on and the whizzing sound. The monster had been cheated of his prey. I am ashamed to confess that when I felt my child safe in my arms, safe from the danger that I had not the fortitude started to my eyes. The scene that I had perseveringly followed with my eyes, I could not see, to be the means of saving my child's life. Blind, blind, blind indeed is he who cannot see the finger of God in all this.

A STRONG alum water is made by dissolving of any description. Take one pound of pulverized alum and dissolve it in two quarts of boiling water. Allow it to cool, and then pour the fluid until the consistency of cream—applying it while hot with a brush. Whether this is better, use a syringe to inject the liquid into the cracks of the bedsteads. Scatter the powder in the drawers, and in all those places, and you will be troubled with these insect nuisances no more. Persons troubled with disgust.